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CHINA STREET, CANTON.

PENCILINGS IN CHINA;

OR,

SKETCHES OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

No. II.

MR. EDITOR.—Agreeable to my original intention, I transmit you a second paper on "China,"—embracing a description of all that is worthy of notice in the INTERIOR OF THE CITY OF CANTON.

Survey of the City.

The streets of the city are very straight, but generally narrow, and paved with flag-stones. There are many pretty buildings in the city, great numbers of triumphal arches, and temples well stocked with images.*

The streets of Canton are so crowded, that it is difficult to walk in them: yet you will seldom see a woman of any fashion, unless by chance when coming out of their chairs. And were it not that curiosity in the Chinese ladies makes them sometimes peep, a glance would never be obtained of them.†

* Abel's China. † Chinese Traveller, p. 33.

Shops and Streets of Canton.

The shops of those that deal in silk are very neat, make a fine show, and are all in one place: for tradesmen or dealers in one kind of goods herd together in the same street. For this reason, you may hear the English sailors talking of the streets of Canton, as if they were speaking of London, or some other English city. The streets where the china-shops are, they call China-row: the street where clothes are sold, they call Monmouth-street: the narrow street where men's caps, shoes, &c., are sold, is well known by the name of Mandarin Cap-alley: and a narrow passage, close by the city wall, where lapidary and glass work are sold, is called Stone-cutter's-alley: and so of many others.*

China-street.

China-street, of which our plate is a representation, is eminent as being immediately adjoining the English factories, and consists entirely of houses and shops arranged expressly for their accommodation and taste.†

* Chinese Traveller, pp. 36, 37.

† Historical and Descriptive Account of China, vol. iii. p. 33.

Canton, altogether, is said by the French missionaries, to occupy nearly as much ground as Paris, and is closely built. Mr. Wathen describes its beach covered with vast piles of goods which have been landed from the country boats;—the crowd of clerks and porters running to and fro, and vociferating to one another: the numberless boats upon the water, crowded with people, pigs, and poultry, render it the most tumultuous and noisy scene in the world; the buzz is deafening, and almost intolerable.*

Provisions in Canton.

There are great numbers of market-places for fish, flesh, poultry, garden-herbs, and all provisions. Everything is sold cheap. Fish-mongers keep their fish alive in cisterns: carp, and all other fish, are here in plenty, but have a muddy taste.

It is surprising to see dogs, cats, frogs, &c., in the market-places for sale; but the Chinese make no scruple of eating any sort of meat, and have as good an appetite for that which died in a ditch, as that which was killed by a butcher.

The dogs and cats are brought commonly alive, in baskets; they are mostly young, fat, and kept very clean.

The rats, some of which are a monstrous size, are generally hung up with their skins on them, upon nails in the posts of the market-place.

Frogs, which are the greatest dainty here, are sold very dear. They are black and loathsome to an European eye; but the Chinese say they have a very fine taste; and, like rats, eat well. The frogs are strung upon a rod, in the same manner as we do fish in England. Snake-broth was in reputation here, long before it was known to us.

In passing through some of the streets, you are almost suffocated by the stench† from the houses on each side, and particularly in a street above the English factory, appropriated entirely to cook-shops. Here may be seen hogs roasted whole, with numbers of dogs, cats, and rats on the spit, while the cooks themselves with their utensils, have such a dirty appearance, that the sight and smell might almost satisfy even the keenest European appetite. They send about their victuals for sale by cowries or porters.

The common people eat four times a-day, and are such gluttons, that if they are ever so engaged in business, they will, at the usual hour, leave it, and run to their victuals. Rice they eat greedily, and cram it down with their chopsticks, which would probably choke them, if they did not wash it down every now

* Wathen's *Voyage to Madras and China*. (4to. London, 1814.)

† The Chinese, as De Guignes has remarked, are utterly insensible to bad smells.—Abel's *Travels in China*, p. 223.

and then with a cup of Samshee standing by them.* One Chinese fellow has been known to eat six pint-basins of rice at one meal.

Still higher importance is attached to certain fantastic luxuries, particularly soups made from the gelatinous substances of birds' nests, sharks' fins, and the sea-slug, which are imported in large quantities from the oriental islands.†

Houses of Canton.

Though there are no magnificent houses in Canton, (most of them being built only one, and none more than two stories high,) yet they take up a large extent of ground, many having square courts within their walls.

They have all such a regard to privacy, that no windows are made towards the streets, but in shops and places of public business. Within the gate or entry of each house, a screen is placed, to prevent strangers from looking in upon the opening of the gate: and you enter the house either on the right or left side of this middle screen, where there are little alleys to the right and left, from whence you pass into the several courts, which are walled on all sides.

The roofs of the top rooms are open to the tiles, without any ceiling: in these they use no looking-glasses, hangings, or fine chairs; and their beds, which are the principal ornaments of their house, are seldom seen by strangers, who are permitted to go no farther than the first great hall.

Ladies of Canton.

The complexion of the ladies is exceedingly fair, their hair of the finest black, dressed up with gold and silver boddkins, adorned with flowers. Their shape is exquisitely fine, and their dress the most becoming, natural, easy, and splendid, of any you ever saw. But the opportunities of seeing them are very rare. Sometimes, indeed, they may be met at a considerable distance from their houses: and as their feet are so little that they cannot walk or run, but rather trip, (being often obliged to assist themselves by laying hold of the wall as they move along,) travellers have little opportunity of seeing them minutely. They look so affrighted, and walk so awkwardly, that you are fain to retire, lest you should make them fall, for which you would certainly be bambooed.

Literature of Canton.

The literary labours of the British residents in China, have been anything but inconsiderable. Mr. Davis, Mr. Thomas, and Dr. Mor-rison and his son, ably seconded by the other residents, have greatly enlarged our means of Chinese knowledge. These gentlemen have not only carried on with spirit a monthly periodical, published in English at Canton, but they also had commenced a simi-

* Chinese Traveller, pp. 37, 38.

† Historical and Descriptive Account of China.

lar one, written in Chinese, intended for circulation among the natives.*

There are also several works, material to commercial men, published here; and, among others, "The Companion to the Chinese Calendar," printed at Canton, in 1833; and a more recent work, entitled, "The Chinese Commercial Guide."†

Again, too,—in proof of the literary spirit that pervades this city, a copious and well-selected library has been formed, with a commodious reading apartment, every fleet bringing from Europe new publications and journals.‡

Foreign Commerce of Canton.

Canton, besides exporting native productions, is also an entrepôt for those of the neighbouring countries, and occasionally even for the manufactures of Europe, India, and America. Among these may be mentioned, mother-of-pearl shell, tortoise-shell, cloves, canes, and rattans; dragon's-blood, and cubebas, the produce of the eastern islands; gamboge, the produce of Cambodia; saltpetre, and opium, the produce of India; and cochineal, and copper, the produce of the New World.§

The Artillery Ground at Canton.

There is a large plain below Canton, not far from the side of the river, which is called by the English, *The Artillery Ground*, where the Chinese forces are commonly exercised and reviewed.|| Some thousands are to be sometimes seen exercising at once on this spot; but they come far short of that art dexterity and regularity, which we observe in the European military exercise. The officers and soldiers are mostly Tartars.

The officers, in sunshine, make a splendid appearance, their robes being embroidered with gold and silver on the back and breast, where their badges of distinction are fixed; which make a glittering show. They all wear whiskers, and have a fierce look. Though these soldiers are brought from a more northern climate, yet their tawny complexions and their fierce countenances sufficiently distinguish them from the natives of China, who are a more effeminate and soft-featured people.

In this plain, there is a large *horse-course*, with posts fixed at small distances. In this broad path soldiers are to be seen, riding with incredible swiftness, one after another, shooting at these posts. They have even been seen to dismount from their horses when at full gallop, take up their arrows, mount, and shoot them again; and what is still more amazing, they have been noticed to mount and dismount in this career, for the same arrow,

making use only of one all the way round. The last operation is only performed by the more experienced soldiers; as people are engaged to pick up those arrows which the less initiated soldiers cannot recover in riding.

Temples at Canton.

The temples and places of public worship are the most magnificent buildings in Canton. They are well stocked with images. The people pay profound adoration to them, by falling down on their knees before them, wringing their hands and beating their foreheads against the ground. These temples, or joss-houses, as they are commonly called, are often many stories high, and are very numerous. They are decorated with numbers of artificial flowers, embroidered hangings, curtains, and fringes. Large images are frequently before the temple, some of them 12 ft. high, with spears and lances in their hands, somewhat resembling those at Guildhall.*

AH! CHE'IL DESTINO.

Translated from a poem in Italian, by his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

On! fate, how cruel—
Why this tormenting?
Why unrelenting?
Ever to me?
Auguish and sorrow,
Night and the morrow,
Never to flee.

When near thee, dearest,
Weeping and sighing,
O'er thy love dying,
Deep in my breast.
And when without thee
Leaving about thee,
Never at rest.

THE HARPER.

Translated from the German of Prince Ernst—the English versification by Desmond Ryan.

A HARPER—a wandering harper am I:
Each cottage I enter with mirth I supply;
And oft-times when open the portals of state,
I sing a glad song in the halls of the great.

A harper—a harper—a wandering harper—
A wandering harper am I.

The bridegroom comes forth from the church with his bride,
And Pleasure and Happiness walk by their side;
As homewards they bend I am loud in my play,
And waken light echoes of love all the way.

A harper—a harper, &c.

But when from the hill-side in mourning array,
The funeral comes with its burden of clay;
I stand by the grave where the earth's newly spread,
And sing a sad dirge to the worth of the dead.

A harper—a harper, &c.

When faintly the echoes repeat my last song,
In solitude place me the cold earth alone;
My harp! for thy master awaken one strain—
Then peace o'er thy wild strings for ever remain.

A harper—a harper, &c.

* Chinese Repository, June, 1833.

† Historical and Descriptive Account of China, vol. iii., p. 87.

‡ Watson's Voyage to Madras and China.

§ Historical and Descriptive Account of China, vol. iii., p. 59.

|| Chinese Traveller, pp. 45, 46.

" MISERRIMUS!"

In Hereford Cathedral lies a plain stone, inscribed only "Miserrimus;"

He sleeps, but o'er his lowly grave
We trace no record of the brave,
We read not that the mighty dead
In the hot battle fought and bled,
But one brief word remindeth us,
Here rests from woe—Miserrimus!
No blazon'd shield is sculptured there,
No name the foot-worn pavements bear,
No tattered banners droop above,
No tablet tells of kinsman's love,
We read his whole sad history thus—
His only name—Miserrimus!
The humble scroll, so sad, so brief,
It speaks not of the high-born chief,
No rank the simple record claims
To grace the dead with empty names;
His proudest name is written thus—
Amongst the sad—Miserrimus!
And who art thou, ill-fated one!
Whose tablet tells of grief alone?
Must then the tear thy sorrows claim
Fall on a stone without a name?
Our strictest search is answer'd thus—
Here rests from woe, Miserrimus!

E. M.

SINCE our insertion of the translated lines by our correspondent "Willelmus," many pens and classical craniums appear to have been at work for us, and from among the number we select that which appears to be *truest* in its rendering. *Tros Tyrusque*,—we are great advocates for fair competition; and between the two presented to the reader (see *Mirror*, p. 162,) having compared them with the original, (see *Mirror*, p. 148,) he can accept the best version at his pleasure.

HENRY VI.

Imitated from a Latin Ode: Written about the year 1500.

BY A MONK OF WINDSOR.†

HAIL! thou warrior renowned,
Noble Henry, eathly crowned,
Branch of heavenly vine;
From pure affection, as a root,
Thy sanctity doth flowering shoot,
And life angelic shine.
Hail! of high and regal race,
Praise and honour do thee grace,
Worthy of the diadem.
Father of the orphan child,
Poor men's champion, true and mild,
Churchmen's stay and stem.
Hail! pity personified,
Of lowliness, example tried,
Of innocence, bright rule.
To th' oppressed, and desolate,
Sorrowing in their sad estate,
Thy patience is a school.
Hail! thou lamp celestial bright,
Shedding on thy followers light,
Still o'er their wand'ring shine.
This thy light to thee was given,
Merited from highest heaven,
Confirmed by many a sign.
Hail! whom the eternal king,
Made like them that round him sing;
Made a patriot pure;
May all those that wish thee well,
With thee in joy for ever dwell,
Glorious and secure.

Amen.

R. B.—N.

* Wordsworth has written a sonnet on this tomb.
† See *Mirror*, Feb. 29, 1840.

STORY OF DAVID DUNBAR.

On an evening in August, we had been journeying through North Wales, and had selected, as our abiding-place, the little inn of Tan y Bwlch. Resolved to see as much as possible of the surrounding country, in our own way, we strolled up the path leading to the Hall, and looked from the terrace along the picturesque Vale of Festiniog. Each moment of our stay added to the beauty of the scene; a soft mist, so transparent that every object appeared through it, was creeping up the opposite mountains. The sun was sinking below the trees, creating beauties, and producing effects which, though I well remember, I may not attempt to describe.

At last, these enchantments vanished;—all immediately around us remained clear, clad in the gray tint of an autumnal twilight. We followed the upward path, till suddenly we emerged on a platform of soft green turf, commanding another view of the valley, more limited than that we had gazed upon a few minutes before, and of altogether a different character of beauty. The moon had risen, but its light looked to us so thin and pale, as hardly to deserve the name; and we were half inclined to murmur at the change, when the tones of a voice, once familiar, and still well-remembered, made me look round. A gentleman and lady were seated on a grass bench, a little below the spot on which we stood; the gentleman had just enquired of his companion,

"And what in the perspective?"

There was nothing remarkable in the words; they might relate to the landscape, or I might have wrongly caught the sound, and they had reference to those prospects of the future which we create, and Time destroys. And yet what a multitude of memories they brought upon me! The speaker, I knew, could be no other than David Dunbar, whom I had known about five years before, and who every one said would hereafter rival Turner, and paint as well as Claude. Whether such anticipations were just, I could not say; I thought his pictures beautiful, but admired still more the honest, true enthusiasm and warmth of his nature: a bosky dell—a noble tree—a bounding deer—a waterfall—a light—or the shadow of a cloud upon a hill—were to him sources of exquisite enjoyment; there was no affectation in this, it was genuine joy that illuminated his fine eyes, and made his whole countenance radiant—flushing his cheek and brow. He luxuriated in the beauties of creation—Nature was not only his every day, but his holiday book: he read it—felt it—understood it—loved it—illustrated it—and all was hallowed by his fine susceptibilities of the good, as well as the beautiful. His religion had found its temple in the universe, and never did he point out a beauty, or direct attention to a particular object which attracted his admiration, without adding, "And this enjoyment is given me by the Almighty!"

He never prayed but to praise, and was abundantly grateful for the power of noting the graces or glories of creation on his canvass. How delightful to meet him at such a time, on such a spot ! The anticipation of hearing him speak of the wonders we had both seen to pass over the valley, prompted the joyful exclamation of recognition that commanded his attention. He rose—advanced a step to meet me—held out his hand, as frankly, as kindly as ever ; the smile on his expressive mouth was unchanged—But his eyes ! I looked up to meet their welcome—alas ! the eyes of David Dunbar were sightless. I was shocked beyond the power of utterance. He felt my hand tremble. “ You did not hear it then ? ” he said, as we all sat down on the green bench from which he had risen.

I could not speak, but I looked mournfully into his face ; I dared not ask, “ How was it ? —

“ Total eclipse ! ”

to him whose life was light !

After a pause, his companion said, “ You have not introduced me.” How glad I was she spoke ! the silence of those few moments had grown insupportable. “ My wife, my Mary,” he answered, and then continued, “ When this affliction came, she would have me—I told her it was very foolish ; but I suppose she thought a blind husband would be easily led. And she does lead me,” he added, in that tone of deep tenderness which goes straight to the heart—“ She does lead me—she is, as much as mortal can be, *eyes to the blind*.” How hard it was to look at him and command words.

He was totally blind—no ray of outward light illuminated him ; the sun—the moon—the river—the ocean, hill, dale, tree, and forest, were to him but history. And yet how happy was it to feel, while looking on his sightless countenance, that though sorrow and pain had been there, their bitterness was past ; every feature expressed not only resignation, but cheerfulness ; and when I turned my gaze on her, who, to use his own beautiful application of the holy passage, “ *had been eyes to the blind*,” I blessed her with my whole heart, and could not wonder that, stricken as he had been in the days of his youth, he was still the happy-spirited being I had so long known, so highly esteemed.

She seemed a fitting object for a painter’s love—her beauty was unobtrusive, but insinuating without design ; one glance told me there was much to see, and much to note ; for every emotion vibrated through her features ; and yet it was a pencilled, rather than a painted, loveliness ;—a beauty—shadowy enough for dreams, yet endowed, as I afterwards found, with tenderness, truth, and virtue. I could not allude to her husband’s misfortune ; but he told the tale himself as one tells of a fearful trial, not only past, but overcome.

He had been but a few weeks returned, rich with the accumulated knowledge of the south

—his folios filled with sketches, his brain with high ideas and fine imaginings, which he was only restrained from working out immediately by his desire to visit “ his Mary”—a young lady whom he had long and deeply loved.

He found her unchanged in mind, improved in beauty ; they talked of the future—and before he went out of the father’s house to sketch a scene which the old gentleman wished to possess—she had whispered her consent to become his wife :—he said, when better days should come, and he should gather in the golden harvest of a noble fame. At which she laughed, and promised to tell him that evening a secret he little dreamed of. He bounded across the lawn, full of life and hope—then paused to sketch her figure as she sat under the verandah, *pretending* to read—time out of mind, one of love’s sweet deceptions—to *seem* to read—when we are watching, ay, with a beating heart, every movement of the one we love. I saw the sketch—it was his last—by the time he had reached the point from which the view was to be taken, it suddenly began to rain, and some few mutterings of thunder, sent him to take shelter in a fishing cottage, that overhung a lake—the object of his excursion. It was strange, he said, that the disturbance of the clouds hardly deserved the name of a thunder-storm ; there was no wind among the trees, no ripple on the river—all was hushed—and as he sat watching the heavens, and calmly speculating upon the power which impelled the dark clouds towards each other, he heard distinctly the splashing of the huge drops of rain as they fell, slowly, and almost singly, into the water. A thrush continued to pour her gushing tide of song from amid the foliage of a white-thorn tree, regardless of the rain and darkness. “ I never,” he added, “ could wish a storm to terminate ; the beautiful variety of the tints it throws upon the earth, had for me an ever changing, yet perpetual charm. My dreams, too, were of the future—of the perfecting of love, and the achievement of fame ! How delicious to an enthusiast in both ! It is impossible to trace the progress of the lightning—yet certainly, before it struck—at the moment when the clouds sprang apart, I saw the flash, which deprived me of sight for ever, and of consciousness for a time.”

“ Do not speak of it, dearest,” murmured his wife ; it does you harm.”

“ No, no, it does me good.—I am wiser—better—happier—than I was then.—It taught me a knowledge, which else I should have never acquired :—a knowledge of the unfathomable depths of woman’s love.”

Mary blushed ; but it was not in nature, not to feel gratified at such a tribute. She thanked him by a pressure of the hand, which he felt and understood—

“ We will talk of it no more,” she said.

“ But we may talk of happiness,” he answered, “ I must tell the secret which Mary promised me on my return ; that she had been

made rich, by the death of a distant relative, of whom I had never heard—that she—”

But his wife would not suffer him to continue. “ Well,” he exclaimed, “ for this one evening, I must be an egotist. I must tell my friends of the advantages of blindness. Sounds have become to me even as sights. I *see* a landscape in the voice of every bird that sings; the nightingale is *my* moon; the blackbird, *my* thicket; the plover, my wild uncultivated heath; the robin, *my* English cottage; the sparrow, *my* pert wayside schoolboy; the very grasshopper, *my* fresh green meadow. I associate other sounds with Italy; and each natural perfume peoples *my* world with fresh creations. My ideal beauty is never destroyed by unpleasing reality. I shall never think my wife grows old, or my friend ugly. If I cannot *see* new objects of interest, I can imagine them, without the danger of having the ideal destroyed by the real. I can tell the tree under which I stand by the rustling of its leaves. Believe me, the world has no blank for a well-regulated and industrious mind—nor is there any darkness so profound which the imagination cannot illuminate. I bless God for the past; I bless Him greatly for the present; and I know I shall have to bless Him for the future. I visit the most beautiful spots in the world; and if to my inquiry of ‘ What in the perspective? ’ Mary should be compelled to answer—‘ Nothing striking,’ I create something that shall please me.”—*New York Mirror.*

IS NOT OUR QUEEN, KING OF ENGLAND !

MUCH contrariety of opinion having arisen, relative to the application of the word “ *king*,” as the title of our present female sovereign, we have searched various authorities to ascertain its primitive or legitimate meaning, and the only conclusion to be derived is, that “ *king* ” and “ *queen* ” can be used synonymously, they being words devoid of gender. These are our proofs:—

King; if this word was anciently written *Koning*, and signified *cunning*, *wise*: then, according to Hesychius and Casaubon, it may be derived from *knovēs*, to know, understand; to *Con* or *ken*, *cunning*; whence the Belgic *kon*, and our *king*.

Cleland, in different parts of his vocabulary, affords us at least thirty different orthographies of the word *king*, for Head; and among them, he gives us p. 7, “ *konung*, *king*, *cyn*, and *quin*, all signifying a general or head-commander in war.”*

In the old French, *cuen*, *quens*, or *cuenz*, which are the same, frequently occur, signifying a *ruler*; so, in the history of Geoffrey de Villehardouin, there appears Thiebaut *cuens* de Champagne, and Baudoin *cuens* de Flanders, and other such for *comte*. So in a roll in the Tower of London, touching the dissensions between Louis XII. of France, and our

* Lemon's *Etymol.*

Henry III., in the year 1259, Simon of Montford is called *quens* of Leicester; and Richard of Clare, *quens* of Gloucester; and Humphrey of Bohun, *quens* of Hereford; Roger de Bigod, *quens* of Norfolk; William de Ferze, *quens* of Albemarle; and in this document *comte* and *quens* are used indifferently. And so *queen* might be of both genders, thus to signify a wife, as she is *vita consors* (*consort of life*), as *comes* or a count, is *aula regis comes* (*Earl or companion of the King's court*).”

K I N G.

Rex from *lat. rego* to rule. *Sax. cynig* or *coning*. A monarch or potentate who rules singly and sovereignty over a people; or he that has the highest power and rule in the land. The king is the head of the state.† Tomlin thus speaks in his Law Dictionary:—“ the supreme executive power of these kingdoms is vested by the English laws in a single person, the king or queen; for it matters not to which sex the crown descends; but the person entitled to it, whether male or female, is immediately invested with all the ensigns, rights, and prerogatives of sovereign power: as is declared by Stat. i. Mary, and Stat. iii. c. 1.”‡

Smith, in his Commonwealth of England b. i., c. 9, says, “ That which we call in one syllable ‘ *king* ’, in English, the old Englishmen and the Saxons, from whom our tongue is derived, to this day call it two syllables, *cyning*, which, whether it come from *cen* or *ken*, which betokeneth to know and understand; or, *can*, which betokeneth to be able, or to have power, I cannot tell.”

Richardson, in his English dictionary, vol. i. thus derives the word *king*:—“ *cynig*, *cyning*, from the Anglo-saxon *cennan*, scire and thence posse.” “ *Cuning*,” says Verstegan, “ is as much in signification as *one especially valiant*, and this being the title of the chiefe of all, expresseth him the most apparet in courage and valour. And certain it is that the *kings* of most nations were in the beginning elected and chosen by the people to raigne over them, in regard to the greatness of their courage, valour, and strength, as being therefore best able to govern them.” In the quotation from *Robert of Gloucester* the word *king* is applied to a FEMALE sovereign: by *Bacon*, to MALE AND FEMALE united.

And hadden despit, that woman *kyng* schuld bo.—R. Gloucester, p. 37.

For this is now done, by the prowess and devotion of Ferdinand and Isabella, *Kings* of Spain; who have to their immortal honour recovered the great and rich *kingdome* of Granada.—*Bacon*, Hen. vii., p. 106.

Ethelfrida, the undegenerate daughter of the great Alfred, and wife of Ethelred, Earl of Mercia, was a woman of masculine powers,

* Prerogatives of Queen Consorts of England, 8vo, 1820.

† See *Bracton*, lib. i., c. 8.

‡ Tomlin's Law Dictionary.

and Amazonian activity. She restored the city of Chester [908]. She built and refounded cities; erected nine castles in different parts of England; subdued Brecknock; and took Derby by storm. Her valour was so celebrated that the titles of lady, or queen were thought unworthy of her greatness, and she was dignified with those of laird, or *king*.

Skinner, after defining the Anglo-saxon, Teutonic, and Belgic derivations of the word *king*—sums up the precise meaning of the word thus:—*King*—qui res ad salutem publicam spectantes accurate novit, qui res publicas consulti, sapientia populi vel prudenter, &c.

This description surely serves as well for a queen regnant as for the best king.

QUEEN.

[From the *Etymologicon Magnum.* vol. I., p. 454.]

Queen [*English.*] The illustrious woman.
*Quean [*English.*] A prostitute or bad woman.

Cwen	[<i>Ang. Saxon.</i>]	A Wife.	A Woman.
Quena		A Queen.	
Quena	[<i>Teut. old.</i>]	A Wife.	
Quind	[<i>Run. Dan.</i>]	A Wife.	
Quinde	[<i>Danish.</i>]	A Woman.	
Quena	[<i>Alemann.</i>]	A Woman.	
Quino	[<i>Gothic.</i>]	A Woman.	
Quena	[<i>Germ. Fr.</i>]	A Woman.	
Quenis	[<i>Gothic.</i>]		A Wife.
Quens			

[From *Richardson.*]

Quean. n. } In Anglo-saxon, cwen, quena.
Queen. n. } Dut. quene. Ger. quen. Swed.
Queen. v. } kuna, kona, quinna; a wife, a woman; formerly (says Somner) a name of honour, now usually applied to women of loose character (meretricibus.) It may be formed from the Anglo-saxon ge-waen-ian, ge-wun-ian; Dut. ghe-wonen; Ger. ge-wochnen, ge-wohnen, manere, habitare, to wone, wont, or be wont. In Scotch, to *won* is, still, to dwell, to live. The Ang. Saxon ge-waen-ian by contraction *gwenian*, or *cwen-ian*, would give *cwen*, one who lives with, dwells with, is fellow or mate to, matched with (sc.) a man; and thus applied in honour or dishonour, according to the terms upon which the woman dwelt with the man in a married or unmarried state; to the fellow or companion of a king, &c., &c., to the *hor-cvena*, the hired *queane*, the harlot. In Sw. *queen-an*, in Isl. *quonquaet* in *uxorum ducere*, to take a wife (sc.) to our home, to dwell or live with us. Wachter derives *quean* from *ceanen parere*, Junius from the Gr. *γυν*.

It therefore signifies the dweller with, mate, fellow, bedfellow, (of a man, his concubine), a wench, a strumpet,—written *quean*.

* It is singular that the difference between *Queen* and *Quean*, both as to their spelling and signification, is precisely the same as occurs between the Latin *Virgo* and *Virago*: in both an *a* only is inserted, and the good meaning is thereby distorted to a bad.

Also, the married mate, the wife of a king or sovereign, the female sovereign,—written *queen*.

[From *Lemon's Etymology.*]

“Queen, *kwær*, pregnant. *kwæra*, que peperit. Casaub— it might be more natural to suppose *queen* is derived from *γυν*, mulier, *uxor*, a wife, by pre-excellence the wife of the king, the king's *consort*; or else with Verstegan, to deduce *queen* from the same origin with *king*, though he has not traced it up to the Greek. How strangely do words degenerate! Cleland, voc. 19, in speaking of the game of chess, says, “I suspect, not without reason, that it is of druidical invention; the terms *king* and *queen* are modern; the *king* was originally *the chief baron*; the *queen*, his general, or first, or head executive minister: *queen* in our present language, is a female appellative, and surely not a proper designation of that active office which is given to the *second* piece in that game:”—Let who will have been the first inventors of that game, *queen* or *queen* may be derived from the same root with *king*, and *king* may be Greek.”

Now, as to the *Court of King's Bench*.—After the most careful examination of Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*; Beatoe's *Political Index*; Ames's *Catalogue of English Heads*; Bromley's *Catalogue of engraved British Portraits*, and other authorities, we find no mention of a Justice of the *Queen's Bench*, but many of the *King's Bench*, of the times of Elizabeth, Mary I., and Anne.

The commencing words in the *Patents* of the present reign, read thus:—“By the Grace of God, Victoria, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith,” &c.—If the words *King* and *Queen* be not synonymous, they are here erroneously put; for, a Queen cannot have dominion over a kingdom [i. e. domain of a king]. In strict propriety, it ought to run thus:—“Victoria, of the United *Queendom*, [i. e. domain of a Queen].” Certainly the word *Queendom* appears pedantic, yet it is nevertheless a correct application, providing the word *Queen* bears not the same meaning as *King*.

A BEWAILING FOR BANNOCKBURN.

The consternation produced upon the English, on their defeat at Bannockburn, is painted by one of the historians of the day, in the following mournful strain:—“O day of vengeance and misfortune! odious, accursed day! no longer to be computed in the circle of the year: which stained the glory of the English, spoiled us, and enriched the Scots, to the value of two hundred thousand pounds!!! How many illustrious barons and valiant youths, how many noble horses and beautiful arms, how many precious vestments and golden vessels, were carried off in one cruel day!”

* Probably the word *Queen* was originally applied to the wife of a king, as being the next person in dignity, but inferior to the king.

Arts and Sciences.

ON THE WEAR AND DIMINUTION OF GOLD COIN
IN THE KINGDOM.

OLD gold has often excited our attention: and we, as no doubt have many of our readers, have observed the obliterations of impression, the abrasion of the surface, and the apparent rasping of the milled edge, &c.; and though we have been acquainted with certain iniquitous practices of shaking violently together the gold pieces of a new coinage, so as to gain some gold-dust, &c.—a thing prohibited by a heavy penalty—we never thought this sufficient to account for the general appearances of the entire gold currency.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, some important experiments were made upon the constitution of his Majesty's Mint, bearing especially upon the comparative wear of gold: and the valuable results are now offered to our readers.

In pursuance of these experiments, three modes or contrivances were put in force, for ascertaining the quantity of abrasion by friction, according to the different circumstances of alloy and figure in the coins.

In the first—two sets of coins were fastened each in a frame, one of which was made to move backwards and forwards over the other, with certain degrees of velocity and pressure.

In the second—two hundred pieces of gold differently alloyed were inclosed within a wooden box, which was kept constantly turning round, until, by the continued rubbing and striking of the pieces against each other, and against the sides of the box, they were found to be perceptibly diminished.

In the third—the pieces to be examined were pressed against the rim of a flat horizontal wheel, by means of equal weights, so that by means of turning the wheel round, they all suffered an equal degree of friction. The part of the wheel against which the pieces rubbed, was sprinkled or coated with some kind of powder, which was varied in the different experiments.

The general results of the many experiments made with this apparatus, were—

1. That when equal friction, assisted by a moderate pressure, takes place between pieces of coin which are in each series of a similar quantity, then, abrasion is most commonly produced in an inverse ratio to the degree of ductility.
2. That the contrary effect happens when pieces of different qualities rub against each other, the more ductile metal being then worn by that which is harder.
3. That earthy powders and metallic filings produce similar effects, and tend to wear the different kinds of gold in proportion to their respective degrees of ductility.

The practical inferences to be deduced from these results are, that pure gold, being extremely ductile, is not the most proper to be

formed into coin: that gold, on the other hand, brought by its alloy to the greatest degree of hardness that will bear the manipulation of coining, would be so destructive to the instruments in the Mint, as to render the expense occasioned by this detriment much greater than the small saving that would accrue from the greater durability of the metal: and that hence gold of a moderate ductility must be that which is best adapted for coin, which degree of ductility will be found in the standard proportion of one-twelfth of alloy, consisting of about equal parts of silver and copper.

General incidental circumstances were also discovered, as to the cause of changes of colour in gold coins, which appear to be ascribable to certain chemical changes in the alloy near the surface of the piece during the processes of annealing and blanching. We are also informed that the obliteration of the impression on gold coins is not always attended with a diminution of weight, but the supposed abrasion of the prominent parts is in fact a depression of those parts into the mass, bringing them to a level with the rest.

Upon the whole, it appears conclusive that the great loss which the gold coin of this kingdom is stated to sustain, cannot possibly be attributed to any important defect in the composition or quality of the standard gold: and that all that can be said upon this subject is, that some portion of this loss may have been caused by the rough impression and milled edge now in use, by which each piece of coin acts and is acted upon by the others, in the manner of a file or rasp.

SOLDIERLY GENEROSITY.

LORD JAMES AUDELEY, one of the first knights of the Garter, obtained permission from the Prince of Wales, to commence the battle of Poictiers, and attended by his four faithful esquires, performed prodigies of valour. As soon as the action was over, and the victory complete, the Prince inquired for the Lord Audeley, and being informed that he lay dangerously wounded at a little distance, commanded, if it could be done with safety, to bring him to his tent. When Lord Audeley, carried in a litter, entered, the Prince embraced him in the most affectionate manner, declared that he had been the best done in arms in the business of the day, and made him a present of five hundred marks annually, as a reward of his valour, equal to eight thousand pounds at present. Lord Audeley accepted this princely grant with the warmest expressions of gratitude; but as soon as he was carried to his own tent, he bestowed it upon his four brave and faithful esquires, without reserving any share for himself. The Prince applauded this generous action, and made him another present of six hundred marks annually.

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PEMBERTON'S PARLOUR, (FORMERLY CALLED THE GOBLIN'S TOWER) CHESTER.

Nor far from Northgate, is an ancient building, formerly called the *Goblin's Tower*, but now called *Pemberton's Parlour*. In 1702, the top part was taken down, (it being ruinous) during the mayoralty of the Earl of Derby; the lower part, being a semicircle, still remains, and is arched over, and bunched round with a stone seat. The front, which still bears the impress of some fine sculpture, remained entire until the year 1813; but partly from the soft and perishable nature of the stone, (which is the red sandy one,) and partly owing to the mischievous spirit that actuates the lower orders of the city, both the inscription and the carved work are now almost obliterated. The following sketch of Pemberton's Parlour was kindly furnished by Mr. Legh Page:—The arms on the left are, the lion and unicorn, with a crown, and a small lion upon the top. Those on the right, are—a stag's head and antlers for a crest; three lions couchant on one half of a shield, and a wheatsheaf on the other. The writing on the front tablet merely mentioned, that in the reign of Queen Anne, two thousand yards of the pavement were new flagged, and the whole walls were repaired, at an expense of more than a thousand pounds: Thomas Hood, Esq., mayor, 1701; the Earl of Derby, mayor in 1702, who died during his mayoralty.*

The above View is taken by the kind permission of Mr. Parry, from an original Sketch, for his forthcoming 'Trip to North Wales,'

now on the eve of publication, and which will be found a most desirable Guide to parties making the tour of that romantic portion of the Principality, as it embraces valuable information on all subjects relative to the history and magnificent and lovely scenery of North Wales.

CHARITY REWARDED.

DURING the general massacre of the French in Spain, one M. Pierre Bergiere possessed a large fortune in Valencia, and was remarkable for his singular charity. It was not enough for him to assist the poor, the sick, and the prisoner, with continued alms, he visited them; and ministered to their wants himself in the sick room and in the dungeon. Yet his well known virtues did not exempt him from the general proscription of his countrymen, and he, too, having been confessed and absolved, was thrust out to the executioners. The wretch who was about to strike him was one whom he had frequently relieved in prison, and, upon recognising him, withheld his arm; calling, however, to mind, that Bergiere was a Frenchman, he raised it again, but his heart again smote him, and saying, "Art thou a devil, or a saint, that I cannot kill thee?" he pulled him through the crowd, and made way for his escape.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF "ISELDON."

THE most probable derivation of the name of the parish of Islington appears to be from *Ishel*, signifying lower, and *don*, from *twyn*, a fortified enclosure; whence Isheldon, the lower fortification, so called from its situation in regard to *Tolentone*, the modern Highbury. Mention is made of the village in Domesday Book (a. d. 1087) under the name of *Isendone*, but, until the end of the 16th century, when Islington took its present name, it was written in a variety of ways. The celebrated battle fought between Suetonius Paulinus and Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, is supposed to have taken place at *Battle* Bridge, near the south-western extremity of the parish, and there are several circumstances that seem to favour the supposition, among which is the fact, that in the fields north-west of White Conduit House, was a large enclosure, called Reed Moat Field, said to have been the camp of the Roman general, and the rendezvous of his forces prior to the battle. The Roman military way called the Ermin or Herman-street is generally thought, by antiquaries, to have led from Brick-lane, Old-street, across the City-road, by the eastern side of the village of Islington, and to have passed Highbury and Hornsey-wood towards Enfield: another ancient way is Maiden-lane, leading from Battle-bridge to Highgate, described by Norden under the appellation of Longwich-lane.

In 1465, the unfortunate King Henry VI., having wandered more than a year after the battle of Hexham, was at last taken by deceit, and brought to London, where he was met by the Earl of Warwick, and arrested at *Eyseldon*, being thence conveyed to the Tower, where he was imprisoned for a long period.* Edward IV., his fortunate competitor, was shortly afterwards met "betwixt Iseldon and Shoreditch," by the lord mayor and aldermen of London, who offered congratulatory addresses, and received the honour of knighthood. In 1487, Henry VII., on his return to London, after the defeat of Lambert Simnel and his adherents, was met at "Harnesey Parke" by the mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, &c. on horseback to attend on him, when he dubbed W. Horne, Esq., the mayor, a knight; and "betwixt Iseldon and London," conferred the same dignity on J. Percivall, Esq., an alderman.† In the fifth of Queen Mary (1557) the ambassador from Muscovy was met at Islington by the Lord Montacute and the queen's pensioners in grand procession:‡ On the third Sunday in Advent, (1557) John Rough, with others, was apprehended by the Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's house, at the Saracen's Head, Islington, where a congregation was assembled for the purpose of prayer, and hearing the word of God: he was soon after burnt at the stake, in Smithfield. On another occasion, Richard Roth, Ralph Aller-

ton, and James and Margery Austen were all burnt in one fire at *Islington*, on the 15th of September, in the same year. Again, June 27, 1558, secretly in a back close by the town of *Islington* were collected together a company of forty godly persons, engaged in the worship of God, when they were surprised by the coming of the constable of Islington, with six or seven others, who carried them before Sir Roger Cholmley, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Sir Roger, with the Recorder of London, committed twenty-two of them to Newgate, where they were imprisoned seven weeks, previous to their examination, at which thirteen of the number, still continuing to entertain their anti-papish opinions, were sentenced to be burnt, which they accordingly were, seven of them at Smithfield, and six at Brentford.*

The Earl of Essex, on his journey to Ireland in 1599, rode from his house in Sedding-lane, towards "Iseldune" and St. Alban's, on the night of the 27th of March, accompanied by a great train of noblemen.† In February 1665, a plot was started to assassinate (as was supposed) the person of Oliver Cromwell; and, among the number committed to the Tower, was Mr. Vowell, a schoolmaster at *Islington*, who was sentenced to be hanged at Charing-cross, and was there executed, July 10th, in the same year.‡ Colonel Okey, first a drayman, and then a stoker, in a brewhouse at *Islington*, though of more bulk than brains, and more strength than wit, afterwards became a famous commander in Cromwell's army; when he perceived that the return of Charles II. to the throne was inevitable, he fled to Holland, but was there seized by his majesty's resident at the Hague; and, being sent to London, was hanged, April 19, 1662.|| There are several manors in the parish of Islington, of which a short account is given:—

Manor of *St. John of Jerusalem* derives its name from having formed part of the possessions of The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, a religious order instituted about the beginning of the twelfth century, and which, at the dissolution of religious houses, was found to be possessed of lands yielding an annual income of 2,385*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.* The manor continued in the crown, after the suppression, till 1625, when it was granted to Robert Dixon and another, at the yearly rent of 17*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.*, from whom it has descended to the present possessors. Property in this manor descends according to the custom of borough-English.

Bernersbury, or Barnesbury Manor is so called from the Berners family, which possessed it for several generations: in 1548, it was the property of Thomas Fowler, Gent., with whose family it remained till 1656, when

* Fox's Acts and Monuments.

† Stowe's Chronicle.

‡ Heath's Chronicle. 1676.

|| Magna Britannia, vol. iii., p. 43.

* Stowe's Chronicles. † Stowe's Annals.

‡ Pennant's London.

it passed to Sir Thomas Fisher, who married the daughter of Sir Thomas Fowler, Bart. Ursula, daughter and heiress of Sir T. Fisher, by marriage with Sir W. Halton, Bart., conveyed the manor into that family; in 1754, it came into the possession of the family of Jolliffe, and, in 1797, into that of the Tuffnell family, with which it at present continues.

The manor of *Highbury*, or *Newington Barrow* is the same with the estate styled *Tottenham* in *Domesday Book*. In the thirteenth century, Lady Alice de Barowe gave the entire lordship of Highbury and Newton to the priory of St. John of Jerusalem, in England, and the manor remained vested in the knights, till the dissolution under Henry VIII., when it was granted to Thomas Lord Cromwell, upon whose attainder, in 1540, it reverted to the crown. The manor was subsequently possessed by the lady (afterwards Queen) Mary; by Henry, Prince of Wales, and son of James I.; by Sir A. Apsley; Sir J. Austen, Bart.; and Sir G. Colebrook an eminent London broker. The Eade family, at present, own the manor.

Canonbury. Ralph de Berners, who died in 1297, and whose family once owned this manor, granted it to the priory of St. Bartholomew in West Smithfield; and Fuller, the last prior, at the dissolution of religious houses, surrendered it, with the priory &c. to the king, who bestowed it with Highbury, as already stated, on Thomas Lord Cromwell: the manor reverted to the crown when that nobleman was beheaded. In 1547, Edward VI. granted it to Dudley, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, on whose attainder, in 1553, it again came to the crown, and was then bestowed on Thomas Lord Wentworth, who, in 1570, alienated it to Sir John Spencer, Bart. Sir John's sole daughter and heiress was married to Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton; the head of which noble family, Spencer, tenth earl and second marquess, is the present lord of the manor.

Prebend manor. This is the corps of one of the prebends of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the stall, which is the eleventh on the north side of the choir, has written over it "Islington. In *Convertendo. Dom. Capt.*" It is rated in the king's books at 11*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*

Islington was once the residence of many of the nobility, and some old houses in which they lived, existed till within these few years. The last part of this observation does not, however, apply to *Canonbury House*, which was very considerable portions of that erection still remain. It was originally built in 1362, as a mansion for the priors of St. Bartholomew. Stowe says that William Bolton, prior, 1509-1532, "built of new the manor of Canonbury, at Islington, which belonged to the canons of that house," and there is no doubt that it was re-erected by him, he being represented as a great builder. The most considerable part of the old mansion was much altered by Sir John Spencer, who came to reside

here about 1599. This once splendid dwelling has, for some time, been divided into several houses: the most prominent remains, being the well-known large old house, with a tower of brick about seventeen feet square, and sixty feet high: from the top of the tower is one of the finest panoramic views to be had near London. Between Lower-street chapel and Paradise-place stood a building of considerable antiquity, which was pulled down about the year 1800, and which was once the residence of persons of distinction; it was most likely built by Sir Thomas Lovell, Bart., a personage of considerable note in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII.; and who, there is reason to believe, was an inhabitant of Islington. Another occupant of the mansion was Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, brother of the Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Elizabeth: the premises afterwards became the property of Sir R. Duxy, Bart., Mayor of London in 1630.

The Old Pied Bull, the Old Queen's Head, and others, were erected in the time of Elizabeth. The present Pied Bull public house, stands on the site of the more ancient edifice, which, according to the general tradition, was the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, (See *Mirror*, No. 988, p. 58) at the time when he was in high favour with his sovereign; a window of a room in it, contained the arms of Sir John Miller, Bart., of Islington and Devon, supposed to be a subsequent inhabitant to Sir Walter. The house was not pulled down till within the last few years. The Old Queen's Head public house, Lower-street, which was pulled down in 1829, was one of the most perfect specimens of ancient domestic architecture to be found in the neighbourhood of the metropolis; its origin and history are involved in obscurity, and nothing but conjecture or traditionary report exists respecting it. Fox, in his poem, "La Bagatella," has the following lines, to which nothing can be added with much certainty:—

P. 58.

"Perhaps—for history is silent here,
And we may guess at will—perhaps some cit,
Grown wealthy, here retir'd in peace to pass
His latter days.—Some courtier here, perchance,
Eist lived in pomp, and feast, and revelry,
How alter'd now the scene!—how changed the fate!?"

The house, No. 41 Cross-street, also built in Elizabeth's reign, was formerly the mansion belonging to the family of the Fowlers, lords of the manor of Barnesbury, which was one of the most considerable families in the parish, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Sir Thomas Fowler, Bart., was deputy-lieutenant for Middlesex, and one of the jurors upon the trial of the ill-fated Sir Walter Raleigh, at Winchester, in 1603. Mr. Edgeworth's academy, High-street, was built on the site of an old house pulled down in 1812, and which was erected about the same time as the one last-mentioned, as, on pulling down the premises, an ancient chimney piece was discovered, wrought in stucco,

over which were the initials E. R. (Elizabeth Regina). The King's Head tavern, and some other houses opposite the parish church, are probably as old as the time of James or Charles I.

L.

Manners and Customs.

HARPINGS OF THE TROUBADOUR.

GAY times of the world were those, when in hall and chamber, and merry greenwood, the troubadour, minstrel, or mnesinger, attuned his lyre to roundelay and love-songs : much sweet poetry was consequently the result, which if it did not indeed assume the lofty tone of the Parnassian swan, or Pindaric eagle, was, nevertheless, of an order that appealed, with beautiful effect, to the sensibilities of the heart and affections. The strain of the minstrel laid claim, therefore, to a particle of what appears, in some manner, divine: and peerless woman, who was the object of all that song and fervency, then walked the earth like Eve herself, when she listened to the angel-lutes in Eden. Woman it was, that made earth's desert blossom as the rose, and gave the age all its elegant refinement.

Many and multiplied were the measures and varieties of the harping troubadour to his lady adored, but among them, perhaps, the loveliest was the chanzo.

The word *chanzo* was employed by the troubadours, as was also the term *vers*, to designate a variety of their different descriptions of poetry; but the *chanzo*, properly so called, was divided into couplets; and was sung to an accompaniment of some one of the musical instruments then in vogue, the gittern, the viol, the sackbut, &c. The biographer of Hugh of Saint-Cyr says, that that poet composed few *chanzos*, because he was not in love with any fair. After his marriage, he composed nothing in this way whatever ('pois qu'el ac moiller non fetz canzoz'). The *chanzos* of Giraud Riquier are accompanied in every instance by the musical notation, in the manuscript of D'Urfé. The writer of the manuscript life of Peter of Auvergne attributes the invention of the *chanzo* to the troubadour-knight, Giraud de Borneil; but Raynard has found a composition of the Count of Poictiers, (who lived two centuries sooner,) commencing thus:—

" Fami chanzoneia nueva ;"

and as this appears to be merely the diminutive of *chanzo*, the inference would seem to be clear, that the *chanzo* existed long before De Borneil's time.

The *chanzo* was usually composed of five or six couplets, terminated by one or more 'envoys.' The metre, however, was not unfrequently varied; and the name of *demichanzo* was sometimes applied to poems precisely of the same metre and length as the ordinary *chanzo*. In consideration of this

variation, an arbitrary metre has been adopted, the object being to convey less the form than the spirit of these compositions, and to give our readers an idea of the enthusiastic, devoted, and somewhat extravagant worship for every item in the list of his mistress's charms to which the troubadour gave expression in the *chanzo*.

To the Editor of the *London Magazine*, we are indebted for the following dulcet specimen of this amatory measure; entitled,

*Love's Dialectics.—A Chanzo.**

BELLA DOMNA! wouldst thou know

What hath made me love thee so?

'Tis thine eyes, the soul revealing,

Passionate that dwells within;

Glances from their soft lids stealing,

Off to lightning kin!

Eyes where Love hath fixed his throne;

Yet, oh, yet, not these alone!

BELLA DOMNA! wouldst thou know

What hath made me prize thee so?

'Tis young quivered Lovez reposing;

On thy virgin lips of coral,

Parted with a smile, disclosing

Two sweet rows of pearls;

Balmy breath, and flute-like tone;

Yet, oh, yet, not these alone!

BELLA DOMNA! wouldst thou know

What hath made me love thee so?

'Tis thy hair, whose ringlets cluster

Like the tendrils of the vine;

Threaded gold, subdued in lustre!

Through that many shrine,

Though to wander Love is prone;

Yet, oh, yet, not this alone!

BELLA DOMNA! wouldst thou know

What hath made me love thee so?

'Tis thy neck that rises swan-like

Over thy downy bosom's swell!

'Tis thy bearing free and fawn-like,

Graceful Isabel!

Seated on thy palfrey road—

Yet, oh, yet, not this alone!

BELLA DOMNA! wouldst thou know

What hath made me love thee so?

'Tis thy form, enchantress! bounding,

To the dance when thou art lured;

'Tis thy voice like angel's sounding,

When thy soul is poured

Through thy harp's delicious tone;

Yet, oh, yet, not these alone!

BELLA DOMNA! wouldst thou know

What hath made me love thee so?

'Tis thy breast like wavelets swelling."

"Tis thy pearly, dimpled cheek;

"Tis the spirit in thee dwelling

Maidenly and meek!

The shower of graces round thee thrown,

Yet, oh, yet, not one alone!

The following illustrative passages are chosen at hap-hazard from the originals:—

"Sweet damsel! Oh, most lovely of thy sex! permit me to imprint a kiss on those gloves which cover thy hands, so white, so beautiful! Timid I am, and dare not to solicit a greater favour."—*Guillaume de Cabestany*.

"I thank thee, love, that thou hast made me choose this fair, who overwhelms me with her frowns and coldness! Had my affection met with a return, I never should have had room to prove by my acts of homage and my constancy, to what point my love has reached.

* *Chanzo*, Provençal—modern French *chanzon*. *Bella Donna*, in the Provençal, "Fair Lady."

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Chances and courtesy, sighing and weeping, I should never have resorted to, had my love been at once responded to." — *Deudes de Prades.*

"Amiable Beatrice of Montferrat! thou shinest in the midst of all thy sex! there is no merit, no attraction that thou dost not possess! Thy praises make my songs renowned! they are embellished by the description of thy beauties!" — *Rambaud de Vauqueras.*

The following poet is more specific in his enumeration even than I have been:—

"The donna to whom I have consecrated my songs, is the model of all perfection! *Her castle, her lands*, even her name, her converse, her gestures, her manners, all are beautiful! May I not reasonably expect that some portion of her charms will pass into my verses? Ah, I feel assured that if my songs were worthy of her whom they celebrate, they would surpass the strains of other troubadours, as far as in beauty she surpasses every other lady upon earth." — *Guillaume de Saint Didier.*

Fine Arts.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.
THE private view of the Seventeenth Exhibition of the above Society was on Tuesday last; and, with pride, we beheld a splendid display of British talent. The collection is redolent of specimens of art that may court competition—proving that the British artist needs only patronage to render him pre-eminent. Many of the paintings would shed a lustre on the walls of any Palace: there are certainly many inferior specimens, emanating probably from youthful hands, but a few years' experience, and a little encouragement, will make them clever artists—of such works, we shall write with a dove's quill, for where we cannot privately advise, we do not hold the aspirant for fame up to public ridicule. A *just* critic never dips his pen in gall, nor his tongue in venom.—For want of space, we can do little more than merely notice the opening of the exhibition, but shall again return to the subject in the next number—*con amore.*

No. 113. *Passage behind the "Falling Sheet," Niagara.*—D. T. Egerton.

A picture of great merit—the surf arising from the impetuous falling waters, represented with magical effect; which, with the travellers carefully threading their dangerous track along the brink of the abyss, give the spectators a correct idea of the awful majestic original, which is here described with great force and grandeur.

368. *Boy and Dog.*—J. Smeeton.

A country lad, with a Scotch terrier: the expression of the dog's head is faithfully pourtrayed; but the artist has not given energy to the face of the biped. We hope to see many more of our namesake's paintings of animals.

92. *Tooting Common.*—E. Childe.

A pleasing cabinet bit.

New Books.

Memoirs of Madame Malibran. By the Countess de Merlin, &c. [Colburn.]

[Or her who bore the Crown of *Semiramide*, and the Harp of *Desdemona*—the lustre of whose talents and career was fatally shadowed by an early death—these volumes tell many things. From the characteristic traits presented, Maria Garcia appears to have indeed been a kind-hearted woman, full of charity, good impulse, and enthusiasm—virtues that will tell well to the account of the beautiful *Somnambula*, now that she "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking." Our publication has already been so rife with reminiscences of her, that we shall only select some rarer instances, and refer for others to prior numbers.]

Sontag's Rivalry.

Whenever Sontag obtained a brilliant triumph, Malibran would weep, and exclaim, "Why does she sing so divinely!" The tears excited by these feelings of emulation were the harbingers of renewed exertion and increased improvement.

Love of Flowers.—

Maria Malibran's nervous temperament and romantic turn of feeling inspired her with a passionate love of flowers. During her performance of *Desdemona*, on the evening of her benefit, she betrayed her fondness for flowers in a singular way. When *Desdemona* lay dead on the stage, and the *Moor*, in his frenzied grief, was preparing to inflict upon himself the blow which was to lay him prostrate at her side, Madame Malibran, fearing the destruction of the bouquets and wreaths which lay scattered round her, exclaimed, in a low tone of voice, "Take care of my flowers! Do not crush my flowers!"

A poor but proud Perruquier.

There resided in Naples at this time, a poor French hairdresser, who vainly struggled to obtain a scanty livelihood. Madame Malibran sent for him to attend daily to dress her hair, for which she paid him most extravagantly. As soon as he was gone, she would undo all his curling and plaiting, and again go through the operation of having her hair dressed by another coiffeur. Some friends remarked that she gave herself a great deal of useless trouble, and suggested, that as she only employed the poor hairdresser for charity, it would be better to give him the money for doing nothing. "Oh no!" replied she, "he is poor, but proud: he thinks he earns the money, and consequently feels no humiliation in accepting it. To receive reward is gratifying, to accept charity is degrading. Besides, when he hears my head-dress praised, he believes it to be his handiwork, and feels proud of his talents. To confer such happiness is worth any sacrifice."

Madame's Self-will.

On one occasion, having passed the whole night at a ball, on her return home, finding

she had to play that evening, she retired to bed, and slept till noon. On rising, she ordered her saddle-horse, galloped off, returned home at six, partook of a hurried dinner, and away to the Opera, where she was to play *Arasce*. Having dressed for the part, she was about to announce her readiness, when, overcome by exhaustion, she fell down in a fainting fit. In an instant the alarm spread, and assistance was summoned. Twenty different remedies were tried, twenty bottles of perfume and other restoratives proffered, and among others a bottle of hartshorn. In the confusion of the moment, Monsieur Robert (who was terrified out of his senses by this unfortunate occurrence) unluckily seized the hartshorn, and applied it to the lips instead of the nose of the fainting prima donna. Madame Malibran recovered, but, alas! the hartshorn had frightfully blistered her lips. Here was an unforeseen misfortune: the house was already filled—the audience were beginning to manifest impatience. It was now too late to change the performance. Monsieur Robert knew not what apology to offer. "Stay," exclaimed Madame Malibran, "I'll remedy this." Taking up a pair of scissors, she approached the looking-glass, and, though suffering the most acute pain, she cut from her lips the skin which had been raised by the blisters. In ten minutes afterwards she was on the stage singing with Semiramide-Sontag.

Her Plan of Illumination.

One day an intimate friend accused her of being generally too tame in the opening scenes of her characters. Her reply was curious. "I look upon the heads in the pit as one great mass of wax candles—if I were to light them up all at once, they would waste and soon burn out. But, by lighting gradually, I obtain in time a brilliant illumination. My system is to light up the public by degrees."

Discomfiture of Velluti.

One of her early performances was marked by an amusing incident: it serves to show the laudable ambition which animated the young singer, and the courage with which she encountered difficulties at the very outset of her career. She had to sing with Velluti a duo in Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta*. In the morning they rehearsed it together, and at that rehearsal, as at all preceding ones, Velluti, like an experienced singer, sang the plain notes of his part, reserving his *fiorituri* for the evening, in the fear that the young *debutante* would imitate them. Accordingly, at the evening performance, Velluti sang his solo part, interspersing it with florid ornaments, and closing it with a new and brilliant cadence, which quite enchanted the audience. The *musico* cast a glance of mingled triumph and pity on poor Maria, as she advanced to the stage-lamps. What was the astonishment of the audience to hear her execute the ornaments of Velluti, imparting to them even additional grace, and crowning her triumph with

a bold and superb improvisation. Amidst the torrent of applause which followed this effort, and whilst trembling from the excitement it occasioned, Maria felt her arm rudely grasped as it were by a hand of iron! Immediately the word "*Bricona!*" pronounced in a suppressed and angry tone by Velluti, afforded her a convincing proof that every triumph carries with it its mortification.

NEW ZEALAND.

ABSTRACT of a despatch received by the New Zealand Company, from Colonel Wakefield, their principal agent in New Zealand, dated on board the *Tory*, Teawaite, Queen Charlotte's Sound, Cook's Straits, 1st September, 1839:—

"The passage was made without touching anywhere. On making the land, the most prominent feature was the chain of Alps capped with snow, which intersect the Southern Island. About forty miles south of Cape Farewell, a remarkable white cliff is described as a prominent feature.

"The strait is described as very open and easy of access. Entry Islands and the Highlands of Terra Waite, with a volcanic mountain, were distinguished from Stephen's Island, but Mount Egmont was not seen.

"Having entered Queen Charlotte's Sound, the *Tory* passed up between the Island of Monuara and Long Island; on entering, four canoes were seen, and another canoe, with eight natives, soon came alongside. The canoe consisted merely of a single tree hollowed out for the bottom, and a few rough planks for the sides. The natives were on deck in an instant; they were unarmed, shook hands with every one on deck, spoke English, assumed an air of authority like a pilot, and brought with them fish and potatoes. These men were of the Nyatienshatnigh tribe. Their chief is tributary to the head of the Kapiti tribes. One of them recognised Nyati, the interpreter, on board the *Tory*, as an old acquaintance. Three years ago no pah or fort existed in the Sound, but now the Island of Monuara and Long Island each present signs of hasty but extensive fortifications, though almost as rude as an English sheep-pen. The natives here are described as a fine race of men, infinitely superior in appearance to those of the northern part of the north island, very intelligent, and capable of being extremely useful to settlers, as labourers, fishermen, and sailors. They behave with strict propriety, but are in great want of clothes, which they prefer to powder and ornaments. They have, however, been much spoiled by intercourse with the whale-ships, and are still, in a great degree, savages in their habits. The rising generation, however, promises better, and the influence of the missionaries and their worship has been very beneficial.

"On the 18th August, the *Tory* was moored in Ship Cove, in eleven fathoms water, within

three hundred yards of the shore. Nothing (says Colonel Wakefield) can exceed the beauty of this situation. The shore is covered to the water's edge with evergreen forest, reaching to the mountain tops, from 1,200 to 1,500 feet high. The melody of the birds, and the plenty of the fish, are remarked, as by Captain Cook. Natives from Admiralty Bay soon came on board, and were both naked and savage. They rubbed noses with Nayti—their faces were painted, and their bodies anointed with whale oil and red ochre. The little beach retains vestiges of Cook's visits, in the timber cut down and not used by him, and in other respects the wood is almost impenetrable, and there are rivulets of delicious water flowing from the heights. The soil is very rich, being the decayed vegetation of centuries. There can be little doubt that the vine and Indian corn might be grown up to the summits of the hills. No natives appeared, the Cove being under Taboo, on account of its being the birth-place of a chief's daughter. An *uts* or compensation was required and paid, for breaking the Taboo by entering the Cove. On the 19th of August, Colonel Wakefield visited the Island of Motwara, where Cook had his observatory and garden. It is covered with wild shrubs, plants, and flowers, and even at that time, the depth of winter, looked as gay and thriving as an ornamental plantation of England in summer. Parrots, wood-pigeons, and other birds, and also pigs were abundant, but there were no human inhabitants.

"There were two hundred natives of the Natiawia tribe living in the Sound, at a settlement called Teawaiti, on the island of Alapawa. The Natiwhatniga tribe, consisting of eighty or ninety souls, were living at Anaho, nearer the entrance of the Sound. The English party were most kindly and hospitably received by these natives. Nayti was delighted at the reception, and his address and apparent wealth made a great impression upon his countrymen. Several interesting anecdotes are related of Nayti's behaviour during the voyage, and after arrival, and he promised to be of great utility to the expedition.

"On the 21st of August there was a violent gale from S. E., with rain. An old native chief, Nyarewa, was a guest on board. He is described as inoffensive and dignified. He spoke of the Tarakanè coast opposite as without any harbour, but he pointed out a harbour about twenty miles S. W. of Cape Tarwell, where abundance of coal was to be found. On the 22d., Colonel Wakefield took the old chief home, and they were received by many of the natives, who greeted them cordially.

"The bottom of the Cove where these people live, is spoken of as a most delightful locality, with sufficient flat land for a considerable settlement, and a gentle slope for half a mile up the mountain, which is clothed with verdure. A stream, strong enough to turn a mill, runs through the centre of the basin,

formed by the rising ground. The village is a straggling collection of miserable huts.

"The occupants of these sties were not less wretched than their residences; wanting in energy, naked, houseless, and potatoe fed. On Colonel Wakefield's leaving, the chief presented him with a fine specimen of the coal of which he had spoken. The soil hereabout is described as yielding almost every vegetable production, if cleared of timber, and rendered available by terraces, or in patches by spade husbandry. Deep loam was found in the space cleared for potatoe grounds, and in some places clay adopted for brick-making.

"The little cove named by Colonel Wakefield, 'Flat Fish Cove,' abounds with fish, and the neighbouring woods with a rich variety of birds. Eoro, the son of a chief, came here on board the *Tory*, on a visit, and the next morning accompanied the naturalist and draftsman on an excursion up a hill to the south-east. The native women assisted the rest of the cabin party in washing. The Cove probably has not presented so lively an appearance since the time of Cook's visits. No attempt at pilfering was made by the natives. Colonel Wakefield gives a curious account of a native who accompanied him on a shooting excursion, and answered the purpose of a setter-dog. The supply of potatoe here exceeded the demand; more than five hundred baskets-full being ranged along the beach. This is considered a preferable place to Cloudy Bay in respect of supplies; pigs, however, were scarce. On Sunday, the 25th August, after Divine service, the party climbed a hill in the Cove, ascending a rivulet which fell in cascades over the slate stone rocks, forming the substratum of the mountains. Having reached the region of the highest timber, they found a species of elm eleven feet in girth, and other trees seventy to eighty feet high, without a branch; which, if too heavy for masts, would make excellent planks for ship building. The Surveyor-General of the English Navy might, it is said, supply himself with several years' consumption amongst the trees seen in that morning's ramble.

"The climate of this place (Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound) is stated to resemble that of the north of Portugal, the most lovely days bursting out in the midst of winter. The thermometer ranged between 40° and 50° in the shade. The naturalist, having ascended the highest neighbouring hill, ascertained the elevation to be 1,544 feet. A grand 'tangi,' or mourning of the Kapiti tribe was about to take place on the occasion of the death of the chief's sister. At these tangies, every one cries aloud to the utmost of his power.

"A chief, named Wetu, had become very friendly and useful to the expedition. He is described as sixty years old, very strong and wiry. He had four wives, besides one lately dead, and laughed at being so much better provided in this respect than the King of

England. He said his place, Bangatoto, (in d'Urville's Island) abounded in pigs and potatoes.

"At Teawaite, there is a whaling establishment, and fifty or sixty Europeans and Americans. Colonel Wakefield was visited by an intelligent Englishman, resident at this place, who gave him valuable information. Teawaite is situated in the channel which leads from Queen Charlotte's Sound into Cook's Straits, to the south-east. Few ships have hitherto used this passage, and no published account of it has yet been given. The river explored by the Pelorus, discharges itself into Admiralty Bay, not Cloudy Bay, as erroneously reported in some publications.

"In this part of New Zealand, the laws of property in land are undefined. Neither Ranapso nor Hiko possess the power of absolute disposal, nor can it be acquired by combining the consent of many claimants as in the Northern Island. Great confusion exists on both sides of the strait respecting vested rights. Many white men have established themselves among different tribes, and have occupied and cultivated a great extent of land, without a question or exaction of any kind from the natives, who highly value European commodities and industry. 'A body of settlers,' says Colonel Wakefield, 'might locate themselves, without purchase, in almost any part of the shores of the strait, unmolested by anybody—a principal means of safety to Europeans at present, is a *quasi* marriage with a native female. These are the natural consequences of *irregular* colonization, and would speedily give way to a better system, should this country be regularly colonized, or occupied by a military force.'

"Advertising to the recent failure of the wheat crop in New South Wales, Colonel Wakefield recommends that all vessels coming to New Zealand, should be well supplied with flour, for which, however, to his party, the abundance of potatoes formed a good substitute. Cabbages and turnips were very plentiful. The natives now gave no trouble. Wetu (the native) now continued on board the *Tory*, and had become very tractable, ceasing all importunities for presents. A native missionary came on board the *Tory*, and mustered the natives on board, and had prayers and a hymn. They generally joined in the service, except old Wetu, who sat apart from the circle, saying, *he was no missionary*.

"On the 31st of August, the *Tory* weighed anchor from Ship Cove, and stood up the sound with a light wind. The entrance of the channel is about a mile wide, the sound having previously presented a fine expanse of water of thirty to forty fathoms depth, even close into the shore, bounded on each side with coves, forming a collection of as fine harbours as any in the world. One of them, West Bay, is as large as Plymouth Sound, and all of them easy of access, and safe in all winds. At the southern end of the sound is a large bay, at

the bottom of which, a river, a mile wide at the mouth, enters. Up this arm there is a fine land, and excellent trees for ship-building. Near this river, a few hours' walk brings you to the Pelorus river, in Admiralty Bay. The channel gradually narrows to little more than a mile, like the Rhine between Lyons and Avignon. The tide ran at the rate of four or five miles an hour."—*Morning Herald*.

The Gatherer.

The first meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Botanic Society of London, for this session, was held on Tuesday evening, March 10th, at their apartments, 49, Pall Mall. The Marquis of Northampton, vice-president, in the chair. After the preliminary business, a ballot for the election of Fellows took place, when 189 noblemen, ladies and gentlemen, were added to the list. At the next meeting, the plans for laying out the gardens in Regent's park, (for which there is a great competition,) will be exhibited to the Fellows and their friends. The designs are to be sent in by Saturday, April 4th, and the exhibition of them will take place on the Wednesday following.

Bonaparte's house at Longwood is now a barn—the room he died in, a stable; and where the imperial corpse lay in state, may be seen a machine for grinding corn.—*Sic transit gloria Mundi*.

Giant Ourang-Outango.—It is stated, Mr. James Brooke, of the Royalist yacht, had discovered two distinct species of Ourang-Outang, in the interior of Borneo; the larger species of that curious animal being from six to seven feet in height.

Mr. Green's Ballooning.—Mr. Green has been exhibiting some interesting experiments at the Polytechnic Society, in order to prove it possible to cross the Atlantic within the space of three or four days, in one of his impelling balloons. The impelling motion and certain direction are communicated by fans wrought by machinery; and we are assured, that in the course of the summer, the aeronaut will practically carry out the experiments.

Flowers loved by the French.—About two hundred flower-gardeners exist at Paris, and in the neighbourhood, and supply the markets of the capital. There are days, especially the eves of grand fêtes, when the sale is very considerable. M. Hericart de Thury affirms that on the 14th of August last, £2,000 worth of flowers were sold in Paris; and that in the depth of winter, certain grand soirees give rise to sales amounting to between 5,000 and 20,000 francs. In the same season bouquets of natural flowers are despatched, in tin boxes to the remotest towns of France.

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